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THE NATIONAL

Insider

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**SPECIAL
WEEKLY 15¢
FEATURE**

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Exposed—The Latest "Art" Trend

HIPPIE SEX COMICS



**Black
Cops In
Trouble!**

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**England's
George
Wallace!**

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Notes From The UNDERGROUND



An average Hippie pad.



A beauty of a flower child.



Hippies having a sidewalk lunch.

They're Singing-

'Sexual Freedom League—Where Are You?'

By JULIUS COOPER

From every mountain, sea and shore, you can hear them singing, "Sexual Freedom League, where are you?"

The Sexual Freedom League still interested in the rapidly dying league at five locations. They have found the bedroom haunts of this unique group becoming crowded with bachelors.

Death is taking its toll of the Sexual Freedom League. This once proud organization of lovers is now feeling the pains and aches of old age and a society that no longer wants to share its amorous events with the rest of the world.

The haggard-looking bunch of open minded lovers, the Sexual Freedom League, has dwindled to six idle free members. There are no longer the robust parties and sexual orgies of last that were the trademark of this kooky cult.

New Image

All of that has been replaced. The暮 of the sexual act has vanished like the bubble of the planet. There is no longer the cry for orgasm. There is all something of the past—and the Sexual Freedom League.

The Underground movement has taken on a new image, compacted with a new feeling of belonging. This belonging has more than justified itself with the boy and girl who just belong to each other.

The Sexual Freedom League for the most part was composed of the older set of Underground personal-



Doing their thing with a guitar.

It was basically with this group that the league flourished during the early years of the 1960's.

It must be pointed out that the older leaders were mostly several shell shockers. The unscarred housewife, the bored husband and the plain old-fashioned man were among the few exceptions.

But even though these swamps—they had and internet socks other interests. This is why, happened

with league members who became disinterested with needful after weekend orgies.

Sexual acceptance has its limits, and sex has many. A great deal of the active members of the sexual cult found themselves paying weekly visits to the clinic for venereal diseases, and some even got married.

On top of that, there was always the fear that Johnnie Noo would come along and kick the set.

There are many other reasons why the Sexual Freedom League is dying. The most important is that many of the men had to get just one good partner in order to avoid the draft.

Blame for the league's death also is exerted by husbands because of the possibility of VD. Husbands had the same fear, and soon both dropped from the ranks and life of the sex club.

Sad Tears

There is little doubt that the Underground will miss the Sexual Freedom League. It was from the sex oriented group of renegades that the ranks of the Underground movement enlarged itself. With the passing of the leaders, the life of the league will be a little lessened for those that remain.

Whatever happens to the remaining threads of the league is still uncertain. There will be sex orgies in the mountains, but a call is set for a return to the principles of the Underground — war with the Establishment.

The league was born in New York City and later wandered out west, ending up in San Francisco in San Francisco. It will be out to sunny California where they'll bury the league with tears and goodbyes.

The league could serve as a lesson to the Underground. The sickening idea of the league is one of sexual indifference. There is not just too much sex and not enough work in the direction of the movement's goals.

One Hippie remarked, "The league is really gone. We don't like the type of people around here. They will always be the guy who spreads vaseline on the floor and licks the guy over — hoping someone will slip and start the show."

Most members of the Underground consider the league a drag. They have their opinions in that the league only takes part in the movement when there's an opportunity that it can be turned into an orgy.

The Underground won't take a holiday from its desire of hating the Establishment or attend the festival of the league. But many a night will pass when some of the older members of the movement will sit down and have a fond memory about the early days.

The die-hards who remain behind will eventually wind up in wife swapping clubs or advertising magazine for rates to going with. It will be a sad and sober comparison to the days gone by.

New Groups

There will come many groups trying to take the place of the league. Some are under formation now, and it seems that they can't get started in the right sexual direction. The groups come along at different times and finally take place in the Underground.

They sing many songs for the league, peace it and dance it,

but they'll all be thankful that this group of renegades has caused the sexual movement.

The league really served no useful purpose to the Underground movement. It was just a by-attire in the coming waiting for eager little hands to come and play with it. Now the waiting is over—the boy is beaten and forgotten.

The journey has been a long one. It has traveled many roads and found many passages late at night. They have had their ups in the league, aspirations and the roots flat—but all of this is now in the past.

The League is dead and may never rise again.



The "puce that refreshes" finds Viva, Tom Humpertz and Taylor Mead romping in the hay. Lewis Walden and Humpertz together in one of the scenes in "Lonesome Cowboys."

Warhol's 'Lonesome Cowboys'

IS A NEW SEX-SHOCKER!

BY FRANK NATHALIO

And Warhol does it again—Andy that is.

We're referring to his latest picture "Lonesome Cowboys," which was shown at the San Francisco International Film Festival.

It was the first full-length feature underground film ever to be shown at the annual event.

And the festival really pitched a "hot" one to rock the Bay Area residents.

Festivalsgoers who thought "Night Circus" was way out now realize it doesn't even come close in "sex shocker" to the audience at "Lonesome Cowboys."

A more than fair new entry of the festival John L. Wasserman—connected that if "Night Circus" novel put Shirley Temple into Congress, Warhol's "Lonesome Cowboys" would have put her into the Presidency Or, the history bin.

There is nothing about "Lonesome Cowboys" that would surprise anyone familiar with either the current rage of exploitation flicks available or the experimental film genre in general.

But, these categories are not the sort of meat film festival de-



A closeup of one of Andy Warhol's humanites, Tom Humpertz.

vines and "Lonesome Cowboys" must have given them something to think about.

The truly incredible thing about Warhol's latest film is that it is a completely original, a most unusual flick.

Warhol's devotees would be hardened in spirit but his past output has been in a very special realm of erotica which turns on a few and only oddball points.

But, "Lonesome Cowboys" ranks a giant turn around for the non-

partisan artist from New York City, who calls his office "The Factory."

Western Safari

There is a plot, sorta, editing of sorts, shooting of sorts, an authentic location other than the Factory and a shooting schedule that ran an unprecedented four days.

"Lonesome Cowboys" is a squalid and very funny satire of the American Western that is liberally spiced with sex's favorite 4, 8, 10 and 12-letter words and a score of other sexual and sanitary ones that in its combination—perhaps unprecedented, but, worthy as we see the latter consideration for cocktail party conversation, the nature is what comes first. But, don't worry.

We describe the story as an exotic or fertility but basically it involves the invasion of a small Arizona town (population three) by five vicious cowpokes who practice bailed extremes at the off-limits of their town. They make fun on the names of members by one of their number.

The travelling sheriff, who a few days earlier had been tied in a laundry bag and thrown in the river by the town's last vestige of law, is the one trying so earnestly for his drag matador of Pennsylvania.

Viva, The Virgin

This laudable defense of the town



Joe D'Alessandro and Humpertz take a break during the shooting of "Lonesome Cowboys."

Taylor Mead and Viva—two young underground film laureates.

Mead, when he is not doing the Love Veins Twist, is apparently the prettiest and body guard for Viva, a Roman Catholic Virgin.

From that point on, the characters become increasingly mismatched in the actual personalities of the actors.

"I haven't had my hair done and I have to sleep on the positioner seats," quizzical one of the cowboys.

Along the way, Warhol walls an elegy, the ho-man myth, the neumannian game-playing, banal frontier adventure, the search for identity and the ritual of man to accept our animal heritage that Robert Arbray ("African Goddess," et al) and Michael McClure ("The Beard") express in different words.

Warhol also shows the first pic-

ing to be found in his films.

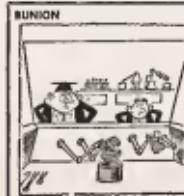
Not only does he cut a scene within a tolerable period after it runs its course, but as the repetitive Western clichés begin to wear thin, he decides the end of the film to become about serious—in terms of human relationships—while never abandoning his black comedy.

Mead, who is stand-up of the time, and Viva are magnificently cast, though the rest of the cast is not so behaved.

Tom Humpertz, Eric Emerson, Joe D'Alessandro, Julian Burroughs, and Louis Walden comprise the balance of the every-pranksters.

Many people will find the picture slightly too much for their taste, but that's their problem. It is good enough to be judged on its merits and is, at least for me, by far the best film Warhol has ever made.

By Martin



The World We Live In...

Anguished Black COPS Have Their Problems!

"The World We Live In" is a regular column of THE NATIONAL INSIDER. Its author is the nationally known Black journalist, Frank Santos, who has oftentimes contributed to this paper on things of significance to our times.—Editor's note

BY FRANK SANTOS

Black policemen throughout the United States are anguished men. They have been asked to choose sides, both by their white colleagues and by black militants.

Supposedly, law enforcement is important, but reality does make its demands.

"You're like a displaced person in your own country," you say. "The man" and art is to be trusted. And yet the white community doesn't trust me, either."

That's from a black policeman whose heat is in Boston.

His remarks were echoed by his best friend and a fellow police officer who said, "During the racial crisis in Boston this past year, what policemen asked us, 'those side are you on?'"

The officer, who didn't want to reveal his name to the public, is 36 years old and has been on the Boston police force several years.

He was a heat officer for a couple of years and most recently handles community relations problems involving blacks. Prior to joining the police force he was an air gunner in the Air Force.

The officer has a hobby which lives in San Francisco, also a police officer and a member of the AFOPA—the Allied Peace Officers Association—an affiliate organization in the Golden Gate City.

AFOPA was set up in November, 1966, to deal with the special problems of black law enforcement agents.

Todays 40,000 members include prison guards, highway patrolmen, Coast Guard and Marshals Guards, FBI, Secret Service, Customs, Fish and Game, and San Francisco policemen, University of California at Berkeley and Cal State at Hayward campus policemen, and two attorneys.

Black Vs. Black

The officer often wishes he was back in the Bay Area where they have formed another black organization—Officers for Justice. The officer says that there are 82 black officers and 1000 in the San Francisco Police and about 100 in the entire Bay Area as the law enforcement forces which totals more than 2,700 men.

He doesn't indicate as to how many black men have made up the Boston force although "there are ten or so."

He wishes they had a similar organization in Boston. He has some pretty definite ideas about the Boston police force. He said:

"We want to see black violators by the people in the black community get in step. After all, most crimes committed by

black people are against black people."

Most attitudes are not mellowing in the streets.

The black officer rounds the corner. He spots several street unusual greeting.

Her attitude is of "Uncle Tom," that time they shout, "Hey, Them-"

'We're Pigs'

The officer wanders. He drives at a through intersection two small black girls are standing apparently at the curve as cars pass past.

"Okay, little girls, come on and cross." They move reluctantly. Once on the other side, they wave and say:

"Thank you, pig."

The officer stares.

In New Haven, Conn., another black officer drives along Dowell Street. He hears a loud roar, "Uncle Tom Mother . . ."

He backs up to his car and and says:

"Thank you, pig."

The officer stares.

In New Haven, Conn., another black officer drives along Dowell Street. He hears a loud roar, "Uncle Tom Mother . . ."

He backs up to his car and and says:

"... This support for black violators by the people in the black community has got to stop. After all, most crimes committed by black people are against black people . . ."

asks, "Do you have dignity? You and the rest of your matrons and other women. How can the police respect you when you act this way?"

The officer has been on the New Haven police force for a couple of years. He says that black policemen are not appreciated.

Comments from the black community and police attitudes have contributed to this, he believes. Like other black policemen, he is aware of unpleasant incidents between white and black officers.

The officer recall the time when he saw two white officers using what he thought was unnecessary force.

How do the two officers feel about the creation of black officers' associations?

Neither one is too keen on the idea.

The New Haven officer feels that the creation of a black police officers' association will polarize racial feelings in the department. Already white officers ask him

his views as a kind of a test.

"How do you feel about the right to demonstrate?" they ask him.

On the question of welfare, he feels that most white policemen are "right wing."

'I'm Cop First'

There is a spotligh, he says, as the black performer to see if his loyalty is to his people first, or if he is going to be impartial.

"I think both these things are our role to uphold the rights of man, but, or at least, I think it is also, as far as I know, his view may be inconsequential."

Another black officer, who also didn't wish to be identified, and that for more than 13 years on the force, had never been allowed to forget that he was black first and a policeman second.

"Now suddenly they're telling me I'm not a cop. No, sir, no, no, no. I'm not trying to mess up my mind," he says spending in an exasperated administrator.

This same officer said that many black youngsters had asked him as his early years how they could join the force. But "not a single black person has asked me about joining the force during the last 25 years."

Many other black officers in the New England area report the lack of enthusiasm about joining the police force. It is a fact that despite recruitment drives, not many black men seem forward to be policemen.

What are these men like who



Sounds like this are common these days, but rarely is it the other way around—black police officers carrying off white demonstrators,

means nothing, just like ranger."

And the black policeman's position is not central, is a touchy point for many black officers.

Act Tough

"One said:

"In this kind situation, you see things done by white officers that

aren't right. This is their chance to act tough with something, otherwise act out of fear."

Some appear to be authoritarian, others meditative and still others want to help maintain the present order. Some seem to be a curious mixture of all three.

But the rule cut out for them at this time seems to be that of black officer. It has been many times mentioned. That is expected to be everything to everyone and nothing objectionable is anyone.

However, the handful of black officers who have survived since before the Civil Rights movement are still there and have let themselves become caught up in the mounting struggle.

Here's what another black officer has to say about the "black" "I haven't experienced any problems. I've never had a bad moment. I'm not a civil rights demonstrator, but I'm a participant in any of these meetings."

"As far as being called an Uncle Tom, it's just another word, it

ain't right. This is their chance to act tough with something, otherwise act out of fear."

A central demand by militants in the larger cities throughout the country is for black policemen to be black consciousness. One black policeman says their discontent

"When we're there, they sort us out. I think they're just knowing."

Militants say that's because under the present system the black policeman's loyalty is with "down-towners," not with the black community.

Personal relationships between certain black and white policemen have improved drastically.

Said one black policeman:

"Some white officers are beauti-

I wonder if he is some powerful man's son or just who he is! But with a black guy I'm more nervous. I tell him the necessity to straighten himself up," said one black policeman who has arrested many whites.

Some black officers side with white policemen in their demands for higher law enforcement.

"I'm against capital punishment except in the taking of life of a law enforcement officer in the first degree," said a Boston officer.

"I don't believe anyone has the right to inflict an unlawful arrest. That could be used as the excuse in any arrest, and a New Haven policeman.

Through there is a distinct pessimism about the future of the race, strong, many black officers believe their departments are attempting to make a painful change to a new concept of law enforcement in the black community.

Personal relationships between certain black and white policemen have improved drastically.

Said one black policeman:

"Some white officers are beauti-

We couldn't go so far as to say that, but there has been a marked change over the attitudes of both black and white officers, especially in mid-term areas.

Perhaps, that is what brought about the change—black officers seeing their black brothers suffering.

But whatever the case there is

a long way to go,

Eyes That Attract!

There's magnetism in clear, bright, sparkling eyes. Make yours that way with LAVOPTIC Eye Wash. Bottles are \$1.00 retail. Inquire at LAWOPTIC, 601 W. Washington at your drug dealer or send \$1.00 to LAWOPTIC, 601 W. Washington Ave., N. R. Paul, Mexia, 75160.

Which LIFE do You Choose?

MISERY OR HAPPINESS



Be Sure To Know the Facts!

The truth about yourself, your present, and your future is right here! The ancient science of Astrology has been used by millions of men and women throughout the world, who have learned a great deal about their own personal strengths and weaknesses, and about the quick and numerous sales (thus making their profits before the real or feared intervention of the authorities), it was only natural that a great number of such works would appear in print form.

Famous Piece

Admittedly, the most famous piece of pornography is come out of that period was not a poem at all, but a novel ("Fanny Hill" or "The English Woman of Pleasure"). This does not repudiate the fact, however, that far more works of erotica were done during the 1800's than during the 1900's, which perhaps is in part, due to the fact that the 1900's were probably much harder difficulties to overcome.

Incidentally, set all such poetry needed to be hidden from the public eye, because of their suggestive and the bulk of them have thus lived on to this day and age.

An example of the "suggestive" type is "Narcissus," Cane Kiss #2:

"As I was walking, I could tell
Not whether, in verse
or in prose;

Not loise I the morrow, olfko"
they ell rate,

Even, as it were, under my nose,
But as I could ever the ladies
all critid.

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and
love us beside!"

There come in a lad from I
cannot tell where,
With I cannot tell what in
his hand;

When full forty weeks were
expired,

A piffl'd story to tell,
These ladies did get what they
wrote desired,

For their belles began for
to need.

"Bill god, and ever the ladies
all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and
love us beside."

Because of their bodily need.
This ever and ever the ladies
all critid.

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and
love us beside!"

At length he did put his pretty
face my
(I cannot tell where "face")
below,

Into one of these ladies,
I
connect self why,
Now wherefore, that he should
do so.

Then ever and ever the ladies
all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and
love us beside!"

But when these fair ladies had
slept all night,

And riled down Nature's

And pleased themselves with

Venus' delight,

Till the youth could hardly
do more.

Then ever and ever the ladies
all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and
love us beside!"

The lad being tired, began to
retreat,

And hung down his head like

a flower.

The ladies all critid did derive

But slept it was out of his

power.

But ever and ever the ladies
all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and
love us beside!"

When full forty weeks were
expired,

A piffl'd story to tell,

These ladies did get what they
wrote desired,

For their belles began for
to need.

"Bill god, and ever the ladies
all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and
love us beside."

Levna is pity then and then

her ood,

To cease them of all their
sorrow;

But when these fair ladies

severally brought to bed,

They still had the scene nifid

treasures,

And dandling their belles they

runtisly cried,

"Narcissus, shan't maz, us, and

be to our bairns."

While it is true that some of

the poetry is really amateurish,

such as the delightful little ditty

quoted above, some of the Victorian

verses were considerably

stronger and more explicit in con-

tent.

Infamous Poem

Take for example, the notorious and infamous poem, "The Origin of Copulation," which originally

appeared in 1879.

"Succors to dame Nature, for

So they're bound to them a long

time in their c---t

Their hard, valiantous f---s

Their sweet little, queer

b---le c---t

What damed no handle would

have to their f---t

And p---k e'er has been a great

friend unto c---t"

rose to their front,
So they're bound to them a long
time in their c---t
Their hard, valiantous f---s
Their sweet little, queer
b---le c---t
What damed no handle would
have to their f---t
And p---k e'er has been a great
friend unto c---t"

It gets more disgusting, rather
than less, and so we shall settle

A HISTORY OF PORNOGRAPHY

By MARK THORNE

As we saw last week, the Victorian Age—the supposedly prudish era in which books were placed upon table legs and books by male and female authors were kept separated—was far less chaste than might first appear.

This was due, in large part, to the fact that poetry was still highly fashionable in those days, as much as in fact that the title of Poet Laureate was more of a job description than an empty name. And since poems and other works depend on rhyme and quick and numerous sales (thus making their profits before the real or feared intervention of the authorities), it was only natural that a great number of such works would appear in poetic form.

Incidentally, set all such poetry needed to be hidden from the public eye, because of their bodily need. This ever and ever the ladies all critid.

But when these fair ladies had slept all night, And riled down Nature's

And pleased themselves with Venus' delight,

Till the youth could hardly do more.

Then ever and ever the ladies all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and love us beside!"

When full forty weeks were expired,

A piffl'd story to tell,

These ladies did get what they wrote desired,

For their belles began for to need.

"Bill god, and ever the ladies all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and love us beside!"

The lad being tired, began to retreat,

And hung down his head like a flower.

The ladies all critid did derive

But slept it was out of his power.

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"Bill god, and ever the ladies all critid,

"Narcissus, come kiss me, and love us beside!"

Levna is pity then and then her ood,

To cease them of all their sorrow;

But when these fair ladies severally brought to bed,

They still had the scene nifid treasures,

And dandling their belles they runtisly cried,

"Narcissus, shan't maz, us, and be to our bairns."

While it is true that some of the poetry is really amateurish,

such as the delightful little ditty quoted above, some of the Victorian

verses were considerably stronger and more explicit in content.

Bawdy Victorian Ballads!

in the neck,
Gaudavine, done Nature to give
no a p---l!
Without it her lust would a poor master,
It tickles her q---o, makes her
mother like her free,
Most treason a handle would

for just these two rather repulsive

sister-sister status that are honestly and truly indicative of much of the erotica and pornography that was written, printed, published and sold—and read—during the decidedly repressive days of Victoria, the Queen.

for just these two rather repulsive

sister-sister status that are honestly and truly indicative of much of the erotica and pornography that was written, printed, published and sold—and read—during the decidedly repressive days of Victoria, the Queen.

sterility through a clip

a well-known organization with a progressive name — The Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc.

It can be installed by any doctor with a swift, simple operation in his office, according to the association. The small, crescent-shaped metal clip fits over the spermatic duct, sealing it shut and preventing impregnation. Body tissues then absorb the sperm.

Since this kind of sterilization is temporary, a man may impregnate a woman by simply going back to the doctor and having the clip removed.

The sperm clip is being tested in India by surgeon P. S. Jaffer, who developed it at the University of North Carolina. It has proven effective on male subjects.

The "Jaffer Clip" is tested by

the doctor and the patient.

Caption Contest

Your Name _____

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"Peasants in a Tavern" (Mathieu le Nain)

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HEAD MISTRESS

EXTRA EDITION

Shocking Sex Rackets

THE SADISTS' HANDBOOK!

By RICHARD HARTLEY

Masochists crave their spanking and are willing to pay a pretty penny for blushing bottoms.

Aware of masochistic delights, sex racketeers have moved in with a special series of books, one appropriately entitled "Spank Me."

The sex purveyors know that there are many men and women who have never experienced a feeling of need for the paddle, the whip, or the flat of the hand applied to the backside. And they have capitalized on it.

"Strapping Lady"

Call them The Spankers. They refer to their fetish as "domestic discipline." In their magazine publications, their classified news ads, ask for a "spanking lady." Men advertise their "macho submissive nature" or willingness to undergo "strict training."

The Spankers enjoy a milder form of sadism and masochism than do the people who go in for leatherwhips, leather bondage, and incense.

What is so shocking is that spanking is so widespread. Men who enjoy paddling their wives have even written in to daily newspapers, advice columns, recommending the service to other readers. From the response that their letters have received, there must exist a Spankers Underground of considerable proportions.

Sex racketeers, pondering to padding fatalities, in "Spank Me," say:

"... I have to take off everything except my panties and bra, including my shoes and stockings, and kneel on a chair, bending over the back and holding on with my hands while she spans my bottom and have her spank me three times with her hand. Then I lie over her lap for 30 seconds with the hairbrush over my panties.

"By then I'm really crying, but the worst is yet to come. I have to lower my panties, admit my naughtiness and that I deserve what's coming, and I do. She then over a chair has me in the living room with my bottom well up while Moes gets the spank about 20 to 25 times on my bare red seat."

"Sometimes it hurts so much that I scream away, and then I get extra spans with the strop over the back of my thighs."

The above is the so-called "tree experience" of an 18-year-old girl who is being spanked regularly by her mother. This is the kind of scene the Spanker likes to read himself or herself into.

Spanking Clothes

There are refinements of the spanking ritual specially designed to satisfy particular needs. Public humiliations and "spanking clothes" are chief among them.

"Spank Me" contains the allured testimony of an English governess who comes to America to care for two young girls. She introduces a new form of clothing to put those shameless misses in their place.

"I bought several pairs of 'garter panties,'" recounts the "governess." "Each girl would have two or three pairs of these racy panties in her dresser. I would then have them spread wide and she'd look down at me with a cruelly satisfied gleam in her eye."

With a pair of scissors I cut out material over the area where the buttocks were covered in such a way that each buttock would be exposed in the shape of a conical figure.

"On the left cheek, for instance, I cut out the figure 'W,' and on the right I cut out a 'V.' Thus the figure 'W' appeared across the bottom of the rubber panties—the bare skin would show through the figure. The 'V' means that was the main area of strokes the girl would receive."

For some spanking fans, apparently, the sight of flesh clearly bound in rubber panties gives the paddling an added sex charge. Others get an extra kick from the humiliations of the victim by watching the punishment.

"... June entered the room, said in a rather indignant pair of last words, and then very slowly sat down. After about three or four beats, June's bottom (as seen through sheer nylon) began to blanch. She was still sobbing as the spanker continued to fall in, measured strokes. Howard stopped, however, after a few more strokes, then the other fell in, flanking him of the instrument."

"At this point, he unbuttoned the back flap of the panties and lowered it, exposing a well-round bottom, did a few more strokes, then sat down again. After about three or four more, June's bottom (as seen through sheer nylon) began to blanch. She was still sobbing as the spanker continued to fall in, measured strokes. Howard stopped, however, after a few more strokes, then the other fell in, flanking him of the instrument."

But even voyeurism (having a third person watch) isn't enough for some spanking devotees. Noting less than clothie sexuality can bring them their warped satisfaction.

"... 'Down, Rover!' she commanded. 'Get off my hands and have something with a pleasure.' I crawled over to her. 'Rover,' she ordered imperiously. 'Stay!' she commanded, and like an obedient, well-trained dog, slave, or whatever she wished to be, she now lay flat on certain that she had won her power. I was still getting a heady, subversive pleasure at being her plaything."

The dog man is forced by his 15-year-old girlfriend to lie on her feet, roll over, sit up and stand. Finally, she produces a squeaked dog collar and places it around his neck. She quickly places the collar around my neck and it was then that I noticed the short riding crop she had tucked behind her arm. She looked steadily at me sitting on the floor and lashed my bottom with the leather riding crop ...

Her Trained Dog

"Would you like something to eat, Rover?" she asked. To my amazement, she placed a bowl and dog dish on the floor, putting some water and scraps of meat in them. I grabbed at the bowl of meat, but before I could get it to my mouth, she lashed me with the riding crop until I fell to the floor."

The supposed writer of this pseudo-'personal experience' signs himself "Well Trained Dog."

"Spank Me" advertises on its cover, that it is a "photo album" with "22 actual photos." Red-instant film is considerably less expensive than color film, so an incredible \$5 for this little book will probably get the idea that they've been spanked in the head.

The photos are all sparsely captioned, the small inside pages. They're tiny, smudgy reproductions, and look like they were taken by a child's toy camera in a poor light.

And they're not even "spanking pictures."

The "photo album" is actually made up of beatings photos. They show girls tied up on chairs, beds, and floors. No paddles, whips, "spanking clothes" or spankers are shown.

This could hardly be expected to bring in the Spankers, with their visions of "red bottoms" feeling the "flaming kiss" of the paddle.

Join The Lash Set

There is one picture, however, which may bring in a Spanker that no one else is: "Spank Me." It's a full page shot of a girl in a shiny halter and scissie fishnet lingerie. She wears the "imported expensive" belayed by masochists who wish to have pain inflicted on them. She's holding a long leather, and she's positioning forcefully down at the advertising message.

"Rare exciting books—Complete catalog, \$1—Flag Publications"—and then the address in San Diego, Calif.

To the tormented mind of the man who wants to be spanked, the answer is to be saying, "Here's your chance, due to snow up to the big leagues! Forget your frustrations and call up, newspapermen. Come and join the lash set."

The address is: "Flag Publications" is a sky sink in the direction of the masochist. Anyone who reads these particulars will recognize that "Flag" is a contraction of "Flagellation," "flag," or "spanking."

One would think that—after he has crawled through 40 pages of tortuous prose—he has been spanked on the penises of a "photo album"—that even the castrated Spanker wouldn't consider another skin of "Flag Publications," he will, he'll say, "forget his manner, taste, smell, and shoulder his master again, just to find pictures or text which will titillate him."

Nobody knows this better than the most peddler of the sex rackets. If they hear about a new publication, they'll immediately cash in on it, so that will be exploited. R. Books, such as "Spank Me," flag, playing cards, photographs, 45's records—all these media have been used as the best incentives to get rich as possible.

These most ludicrous passages in the book is one smudgily printed onto the back:

"This publication is solely for



Scenes from "Spank Me."

the edification of those interested in learning more about psychological aspects of corporal punishment.

Maybe a judge and jury would decide that such fantasy, if the book came to trial, Not the Spanker who buys it. He has a green light—a signal that what's inside is "hot stuff," "bound to please."

The title and price on the front cover of the same "Flag Publications" are now printed in the same meadow black ink.

They're stamped over the glossy corner photos of half-naked girls in "spanking" postures.

This front load the unpleased reader to the speculations that the title, price, and publisher were stamped on after the rest of the book was printed. This is another old trick of the sex racketeers.

Let's say one wants to sell 60,000 copies of "Spank Me," particularly for book. But—if one prints them up and the caps cost them after

having sold only 10,000 copies—one would lose his shirt.

But let's say you print them up without a title—without a price—with the name of the company. Let's say it stamps 18,000 copies. "Night at Son," at \$1 and published by the XYZ company.

The low girls the book and has it from the stands, or the mail. But by this time 10,000 copies are already sold. The next 10,000 copies of the book has been stamped on the cover "Dad of Finch, 55, published by the ABC Company."

One will be able to sell some \$9,000 worth and the caps will never eat on, or on the sex racketeers.

Consequently, public books like "Spank Me" aren't trying to build up our trade. They're trying to make a quick buck, before the authorities catch up with them. If they get caught, they're liable to get considerably more than a few spans on the backside.

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Caption Contest Winners!



1st Prize: "I don't give a damn WHO you are—no I.D., no wine!"—Larry Swain, Orange, Texas.

2nd Prize: "To hell with your crummy magic, Claudius! Bring on the dancing girls!" —J. P. Lambert, Madison, Wis.
Editor's Caption: "I'll take two with mustard and onions."



1st Prize: "You know, Robin, I'm beginning to think Poland doesn't need a Dynamic Duo." —Ed Lipski, Utica, N.Y.

2nd Prize: "Charlie, why don't you get a haircut and start dressing like the other boys?" —Ben Davis, Jr., Raeford, N.C.

Editor's Caption: "Of course all the caddies are hiding from you. Nobody's worn kidder since Bobby Jones retired."



1st Prize: "She had permissive parents." —Violet Fair, Gardiners, Pa.

2nd Prize: "Boy, these halftime shows are really improving!" —Larry M. Cogan, Springfield, Ohio.

Editor's Caption: "Some agent you are. Except for Democratic Con-

vention, I haven't worked since Disney made Pinocchio!"



1st Prize: "That's the last time I'll go walking barefoot through a cow pasture!" —John Mappert, Madison, Tenn.

2nd Prize: "Decisions, decisions! I'll take a dozen in patent leather and half a dozen in alligator." —Irene Fontana, Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Caption: "I hope you better cover 'em yourself—I keep coming up with eleven!"



1st Prize: "Don't worry, dear—it's only your first auto violation." —Bob Borkowski, Wappingers Falls, N.Y.

2nd Prize: "Tell your father to get that shotgun out of my back!" —Brad Thomas, Carter, Ohio.

Editor's Caption: "Daisy, I'll mark you down for a sawbuck on Fly-away in the seventh."



1st Prize: "Who's the fat one with the lightning rod?" —Bob Borkowski, Wappingers Falls, N.Y.

2nd Prize: "Sit down—nobody leaves the room until I sing my song!" —Sharon Anderson, Schenectady, N.Y.

Editor's Caption: "I don't care if teamwork DID win you a basketball championship—four of you will have to leave!"



1st Prize: "George, this is no way to ask for a raise!" —Diane Smith, Las Vegas, Nev.

2nd Prize: "How do you keep your hands so soft?" —Dorothy Overbeck, Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Caption: "Well, maybe they wouldn't have passed out if you ever used an underarm deodorant!"



1st Prize: "Okay—I'm ready to join your club now, Fred!" —Dan Smith, Hilliardport, Ohio.

2nd Prize: "I'll see you this evening for the camping s' leff!" —Carl Granachay, Struthers, Ohio.

Editor's Caption: "Quick! Everyone take off their leathers—here comes the photographer from National Geographic!"

INSIDER'S NUDE MOVIE REVIEW

* SHE MOB *



Three strapping members of the mob.



Our hero, in drag, gets dragged.



She'll teach a lesson!

God pity the poor male who comes calling on the She Mob. They're rough. They're tough. The Boss is ugly as sin.

But can they scrub!

Like they say in the popular song—"Take it off, take it off, is all you can hear."

Except that they don't "take it off" themselves.

They don't have to. It's already off. The four young ladies in the She Mob are already down to their fancy undies when the action begins.

They "take it off" the unlucky man who comes calling on them.

Ordinarily, you would think that a sex session with four well-endowed chicks would be quite pleasurable. Romping with unashamed dames, clad only in their lingerie—sounds like a real blast, doesn't it?

Just try it sometime—with the She Mob. Best of luck to you.

We hope you have a little better fortune than the poor clod in this movie—*"The Mob."*

This boy's very first gender ar' what's in store for him is not pleasant. Here's this don that looks like a cross between Wilma from the Flintstones and the Beast of Buckingham.

She picks a rod—sawed-off shotgun, to be specific—and she's barring the entranceway to the She Mob's hideout.

She's not exactly dressed like a sissy, however. She's wearing a science-fiction type black vinyl outfit. Shiny black boots reach almost to her waist. Her micro-micro skirt leaves little to the imagination.

What isn't left to the imagination is pretty disgusting. His body looks like it's been through three world wars. If she's got anymore swinging in her, she'll be doing it on her Medicare payments.

She can't even afford a proper bra. She has to make do with a couple of old plastic fenders.

There's plenty of action already going on inside the house. A blond and a brunette are busy making torrid love on the soft—without benefit of a

man. Matter of fact, from the way they're going at it, it looks like a man would definitely be considered an intruder.

They start out dressed in bloomers, skirts, hose, panties, and brassieres. Before long, they've dispensed with the first two items mentioned.

Meanwhile, another blonde, with a boyish behind and a two-piece polka-dot outfit, discovers that she can do much, much better in nothing but panties and black fishnet stockings.

Ah! A man has dared to enter the private preserves of their sapphic love, has he? He's got to be taught a lesson!

And what a lesson! He's stripped to the waist. Then, he has to kneel before the almighty ruler of the She Mob—our girl with the plastic halter. What he's groveling at her feet, we'll never know.

She's got him with a will. Lays it on him with a will.

Our hero not only loses his clothes—he loses several layers of skin as well!

The poor fellow passes out. Now, the fiendsome four have him right where they want him. He is stripped of his clothing. Then—the grand finale!

It turns out that the chick with the bitch cut didn't peel for nothing. Her black hair, panties, and sheer hose are quickly slipped onto the young man's unconscious form.

As we last see the unfortunate victim, he's in drag and being dragged. The She Mob is hauling him across their dirty floor to the limed couch, where he will suffer further indignities at their merciless hands.

If the She Mob is looking for a torture that's really unbearable, they might try running a print of this flick for their victim. If ever there was a picture to make you write in agony, it isn't *Frankenstein*—it isn't *Dracula*—it isn't *King Kong*.

It's the She Mob.

Properly speaking, it's not a Nude Movie at all. It's a bondage and torture pic, plain and simple. It will appallingly

to those who get their vicarious kicks from looking at scenes of torture.

If you like your nude movies with plenty of gorgeous girls—period—forget it.

The four dolls in the She Mob never do get down to brass tacks. *"She Mob"* shows a lot of their bikini lace underwear—and some people get a charge out of that stuff. But you won't see these gals in the natural.

Matter of fact, there is very little that's natural about this picture. It's a darned good one to stay away from.

In the past, we've given some nude films some very generous reviews. We tend to give generous reviews to titles that are *generous*—with ample footage of amply endowed young ladies.

But that's a limit to our generosity. We dig nude flicks as well as the more normal men. Our glands are in perfect working order. But we do draw the line at *"She Mob."*

Come on, Nudie Studios. Let's have less whipping and more stripping!



Can't afford a bra?



He grovels at the feet of the leader.



Tourist love — without a man.

Father And Son Debate The Black Generation Gap...

We Don't Want Integration...

BY ANDRE SANTOS

This is the second in a series of articles prepared by Frank Santos and his son, Andre, concerning the black generation gap that apparently exists between today's black father and his school-age son, Andre, a recent high school graduate, a freshman at Howard University in Washington, D.C.—Editor.

Dear Dad:

By the looks of your letter, there definitely is a generation gap between the black youth and his father. With the exception of the black father there is no common denominator in our dialog.

Let me tell you we don't care keep whitey out of our lives. We know that this is an impossibility because they do outnumber the black man. What we do say is that we want to make black people so strong that they can do their thing—whatever their thing may be—they themselves.

You talk about us being able to attain black teachers or black administrators. That's not set. There are countless numbers of black teachers coming out of college these days just anxious to teach, but for one reason or another we are unable to get the teaching position of their choice in a given city.

Cities Chicago

Take the city where your office is located—Chicago I happen to know that the Establishment makes it very difficult for a black teacher to obtain a permanent status in the school system. There's one black teacher I know who is working on his doctorate degree but because he didn't pass some stupid test given by the system he couldn't get a job as a permanent teacher. Ironically he is 15 good enough to be a "full-time" temporary teacher. That's white man's justice.

White man is always telling the black man what he should do. He is always telling him "the way to go when, who," but no "why" unless one considers "you do as I say do" the word. All we as black youths want is a start. As blacks we want to control our lives and activities. This we want more than anything else. If we make a mistake, so be it. But

they are black mistakes and that's the way it should be. We are simply tired of white mistakes in our lives.

Regarding separation. You say this is wrong. From your school of thought perhaps it is, but not from the black youth's view. Maybe I should temper my point here and say that: "we want out of integration." We the black have qualified to be in the ghetto and developed economic and political strength. We say this because the black man has to compete from a position of strength not weakness if he is to "survive."

But in really black youths don't even want eventual integration. Why should they? When it was "achieved" by people of your generation did it really help? Of course not. You still have the same problems—where to go, whom to associate with, trying to make as much money, as your white counterpart and be equal, progress on the socio-economic scale.

Another World

The black adult—especially those of the middle class—are living in another world. Yes, they may be aware of black consciousness, or so you say. But are they really?

If they were then they would get off their "duffs" and get into the mainstream of things, instead of being comfortably ensconced in their own little worlds. They have to get out and help the black youth fight. If they are afraid that they will jeopardize their standing in the white community—whatever that might be—at least they could offer moral support. Words of encouragement help, believe me.

Look at the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People). They are out of tune with the times. Their concentration on legalistic American system-oriented battles is no longer relative to the needs of the black community.

Here again, we black youths understand the problem. The age of their leader Mr. (Roy) Wilkins

certainly indicates he doesn't know what is happening among the youth of today. How could he? When is the last time he even asked what it was they wanted?

Young Turks

The best example of the valid in the actions of the Young Turks was displayed in their treatment of the Young Turks—the youth of the civil rights organization—prior to their national convention last summer. In simple language, The Turks were ignored. They shouldn't have been.

That hit below the laws of this country allowing us to speak out borders the ridiculous. This is something one can't disagree with. However, they are also applicable to whitey. How many of them go along with the program?

To tell me the above doesn't explain one thing. Nor does it right the wrong that the black man suffers today. There are black boys dying in Viet Nam and in the ghettos. There are black men held, ostensibly to be free. But that same black serviceman when he returns to this country still has to suffer the scorn and ridicule of the white man wherever he goes. Do you think that is right? I'll answer it for you. Of course, not.

Can't Wait

Sure, times will change. Let the white man find himself a new trick bag. The black youth is not going to be their hang up. It may have been the case in days gone by, but not anymore. It is all over.

It is time that you and your fellow black adults get with it, or you will be trampled in the dust. We have become disenchanted with your utterances of finding the solutions to the race problems of today in good time. That time has come and gone. The time has come when the black man must stand on your dilliance, you fumble the ball. It is ours now. We intend to score anyway necessary. The game may get rough before it gets better, but whitey made the rules many years ago.

Your Son

...But Separatism Is No Solution

Mr. Santos is a nationally-known black journalist and columnist for the NATIONAL INSIDER. Here he offers a rebuttal to his son's arguments relative to the black movement.—Editor

BY FRANK SANTOS

Your thinking is proving to be very perplexing to me these days. It is hard to conceive that a young man who has traveled throughout the world as extensively as you have could come up with such bitter thoughts.

No doubt the times have a great deal to do with your thinking. I certainly can't attribute it to your upbringing. Your primary concern was to insure that you could take your rightful place in a fully integrated society on equal terms with your fellow man, be he black or white.

Now don't you want integration. You literally want a world of your own. It simply won't work!

For centuries anthropologists were generally in accord that the world was divided into the Negroid, Caucasian, and Mongolian.

The three became more pronounced as we entered the Twentieth Century. Its influence was felt during World War II when millions of people were put to death because they were regarded by the Germans and Japanese as racial inferiors.

This thinking is being rejected today. Intermixing among the races has caused this change.

I know that race is supposed to be a culturally significant concept to the extent that people should feel there are racial differences. But this is an absurd thesis.

It is indeed disturbing to see that black youths are placing so much emphasis on racial consciousness, especially since it is coming from what I consider intelligent people. You and the others are supposed to be known better.

Cultural Motions

Both black and white people, understandably, have old cultural notions of racial inferiority and superiority with which to grapple. And it is not surprising that they are still around racial animosity in the country. Remember, the seeds of racial hate were planted here a long time ago.

But it is disturbing to see black youths placing so much emphasis on a racial doctrine that it has become a racial ideology, indicative of the Hitler era.

You have said that the black youth wants to promote black culture—as if such a thing as racial culture could exist. Oh, yes, Hitler thought so.

Even more disturbing, you say, is to move toward a black area where professionals, the elite math god of today's racial politics—as if America did not have enough interracial conflict, already.

Can't Live Alone

It is well-known that the individual can't live alone. He has to belong. You have to think that racial identity is the answer to this. Therefore the black youth is calling for black people to identify with their own sub-culture in order to find their rightful place in life.

There is no doubt that sub-cultures are needed in this country to help civilian society and to establish identity. But I doubt whether they can be maintained along racial lines. Race simply can too large to be meaningful groupings.

Let me present this to you:

"Racial identity being illusory, how does the black man find his identity in the United States?"

It will be hard for him to identify with a country that has oppressed him for hundreds of years. And being the only people whose national origins were destroyed upon coming to this country black Americans cannot accurately identify with one or another of the African countries—as the Irish, Poles, Italians identify with their native lands.

Think Black

There is nothing wrong with thinking black and trying to achieve a sound base, but black cannot be beautiful without knowledge and money on its side.

The black adult may not be in tune with the black youth's thinking but you can't rule him out. You have to keep in mind the black movement and all of its levels has not developed the integrity to serve the black masses, at least not as of this date.

When it does, it doesn't have to move lots of world all of its own. It can exist in an integrated society. We—father and son—must advocate more integration at the level of jobs and gaining knowledge since it is left by black youth that has not yet been considered.

Keep in mind we need Uncle Tom—your phrase—we need the educated, we need the stars, we need militants, we need the Young Turks, we need the politicians, we need community leaders, we need men in the corporate structure, and blacks in every higher level of life.

Black youth can't go it alone. To try it would mean disaster. Their thinking must be tempered. Racial disorders, in their varied forms, certainly are not the answer. There are many brilliant, thinking black youths among you militants. You are not good to this country's future in the grave or in jail.

Think about it!

Your Dad



BREAKS RACE BARRIER-

COSBY: MR. INFLUENCE!

By FRANK NATHALIO

BILL COSBY may be the most influential black man in the nation today.

This is not to minimize black politicians, civil rights leaders, athletes, black power advocates or other entertainers.

They are making strides, reducing racial barriers and fighting prejudice.

But Bill Cosby is something else.

He is more visible than the others.

FIVE GOLD ALBUMS

Having starred three years in a TV comedy, he has also cut five gold albums, has his own TV special and made hundreds of personal appearances.

More than that, Cosby is respected, admired and most important of all, liked by white people as much.

If a Caucasian finds himself able to like one black, it follows he is capable of liking and respecting many.

Bigotry within Racism declines. Prejudice dies.

Cosby is no black Merlin. He doesn't make speeches.

His blackness just rubs off on one through his wit, his dignity and pride.

Moreover, although he is not an activist leader, Cosby is respected and beloved by blacks.

He is his own man. He knows whereof he speaks.

Now that his video series, "I Spy," has left the net, Cosby—unlike many television stars—is not pushing the panic button to reinstate a finished career.

As a partner in Campbell, Silver, Cosby, Bill has more projects than he can handle.

"We're our own company will become one of the major corporations in the industry," Bill likes to say.

Cosby wears African-like outfit. His hair is natural and longer always shows behind his glasses.

He has a catlike grace, similar to football hero at Temple University where he was a half-back.

"We're in all branches of entertainment—movies, television, records, night clubs and even radio."

"I've got a new television series coming up in 1969. It's my second television project which was never home. There is almost no hootchy or violence in it. He could be married or single. Both have their advantages."

Different Colors

"If he is married, it would give the viewers an opportunity to see what married black life is all about."

"But then if he's single, it could date a lot of singles, and it could say a lot about the variations in color and pigmentation of Negroes."

"You know, some are very light-skinned like my beautiful wife. Others are brown like me. Some are almost blue-black."

"Well, this detective could run around with all of them. It could be something for black families to see and understand too."

Integration is never far from Cosby's mind.

"In our organization Roy Silverman and myself are the ones who take care of the business end. I just go out and work. I don't want to be involved in business.

"The more our company will become one of the major corporations in the industry," Bill likes to say.



Three faces of Bill Cosby, the entertainer.

Hip Conversationalist

"Now in my work—television or movies—you will see black people and white people.

"If it's up to me, I want to integrate the project. That's the way I see things. That's what I believe in."

Cosby speaks in the vernacular of black America.

His conversation is liberally spiced with hip expressions.

His passion for his fellow blacks is evident in the paintings and sculptures in his office—Afro-American faces by black artists.

There is compassion in Cosby for whites, too.

There appears as room for hatred as there is for racism. Television is filled with making people both in the knowledges when voiceough together than era who to work, play and weep together.

And that is a considerable contribution—Cosby's contribution,



Cosby at play in Madison.

Big Breasts Scare Men Stiff!

BY PERRY MOTT

Does a well-stocked chick scare you?

Do a pair of beautifully-formed breasts make you want to eat and run?

If so, don't worry. You're normal.

Men are terrified of women's breasts, according to Dr. Daniel Cappos, a Toronto psychiatrist.

Some men are so petrified by looking at the forward thrust of a girl's bust line, that they will sweat with fear, according to Dr. Cappos.

Hard to believe as it may seem, these men are so frightened by looking at the sight of a female's nipples, as other men do, at the thought of snakes, or at the thought of getting a shot in the arm with a needle.

Sex Hang-Up

This newest sexual hang-up will come as a big surprise to many self-styled he-men. If you think you are okay because you like to



Enough to scare any man.
gander at well-endowed young ladies—you had better think again.

According to Dr. Cappos, men merely say they admire the female breast. They fear it, because they see it as an aggressive attack.

The woman who has a shrubbing, aggressive breast is a threatening type," the Doctor declares.

Large breasts have always been looked upon as a symbol of ultra-femininity. You have merely to tear through the back of any



These can frighten.

A topless army of America's hottest girls could sustain American military superiority the world over—without H-bombs, napalm, chemical warfare or nerve gases. All they'd have to do—according to Dr. Cappos—would be to unbutton their blouses. The male soldier's natural fear would do the rest.

Once men got the energy troops out from under their coats, they could keep them permanently immobilized—by laying each of them a fat collection of men's magazines and smug movies.

Aggressive Bust

The bust that stops Wall Street is a very aggressive bust.

Perhaps, Dr. Cappos has discovered a secret weapon with unlimited potential for waging war.

*the world of the SUPERHORROR

BY EMIL SLOANE

It was recently pointed out to me by one of the readers that this series has become so engrossed in circumscribing deals with the devil and devil's marks and such that we have actually been neglecting the source material of most of our articles—Satan himself!

And, since we believe devoutly in the equal-time provision of the law, this week we'll examine Old Scratch in some detail. That shall, in fact, be a veritable potpourri of wacky stories which we have been able to gather about the devil.

Did you know, for example, that the first mention of the devil comes in the Apocrypha (Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs), where he is alternately known as Satan, Beher, Masteena, Samson, and Asztur?

Or did you know that, according to Talmudic computations, the devil's "special" number is 16 (or, more properly put, four times four)?

Did you know that, according to most modern Gnostics, the most effective chant for raising the devil goes thus:

"Ago! Telegram Vaychayn Suramathon."

El Adonai Thabash
Elkin Tinkoth
Shadai!"

It is not inconceivable, however, that your tongue will be twisted from saying the incantation to be able to verbalize your wishes, even if you do manage to summon up a demon or two!

The famous "Watchers' Hymn"—the famed "Watchers' Hymn"—has the following to say about Satanic nomenclature:

Many Names

... Satan may be invoked under a variety of names, each having a specific etymological significance. As Asmodeus, he is the Creature of Judgement. As Satan, he becomes the Devil. As Lucifer, he is the Beast. In Biblical, the Devil, signifies Two Hostile; the body and the soul, both of which he kills. Demon connotes Crazing



Bosch's conception of the devil.

All About Satan

Erahares Retrigammathe Gips
Orca Iess

Edelot Extinct Eryons Ores
Easyn Hoyt
Meffan Sober Emmanuel Sabeth
Adams

I call you, Amos."

(And please don't ask me what it means—it was hard enough just finding it!)

Constant War

Satan perpetually and eternally at war with Heaven, has divided his forces and formed the following:

Satan: Emperor
Beelzebub: Prime Minister
Astroclat: Grand Duke
Lucifer: Prince Minister of Demons

Satanachiel: Grand General

Asgardachiel: General

Mysticachiel: General

Sargatas: Strateger

Nakore: Field Marshall

(Or as the grammar, "The Key of Solomon," would have us believe. Incidentally, does any reader know if the rank of "brigadier" ever existed before 1800?)

If Satan is known to be busy, the following incantation will bring him to the door of the above-mentioned subordinate:

"Erelich

Iod

Tetragrammaton Elkin

El

Elkin Giber

Elash Va-Dash

over Blood, Behal, Without a Master, Beelzebub, Lord of Flies."

And, lest there be any doubts in your mind about the character of the Prince of Darkness, Nicholas Hussey's "Demonomatik," a scholarly work on "demonology," published in 1928, contains this:

"From the very beginning the Devil has been a killer of men, nor has he ever ceased to strive most heartily to slay them and murder."

The devil's colors, you may recall from a previous Insider, represent Devil, are yellow and black, with the yellow representing darkness and the black standing for death.

The word "devil" is derived from the Greek word "diabolos." Its original meaning, prior to the spread of Christianity, was "accuser" or, equivalently, "adversary." According to some, it is also a sex symbol, if we are to believe the most famous of gnomes, Gustavus' "Conception Maleficorum":

"...[Satan] can assume the bodies of dead men, or reanimate himself out of air and other elements a palpable body like that of flesh, and to these he impart measure."

"He can therefore create the appearance of sex which he does not naturally have, and show men in a feminine form and women in a masculine form, and he is on top of women or he under men and he can also produce women when he

has brought it from elsewhere, and practice the natural ejaculation of it."

On the other hand, while Satan may be a sex master, his partners cannot long retain their own enthusiasm for the sport, according to the demoneologist Gustavus:

"...Therefore Paul said, moreover, that when fallen angels, with whom she had as many pass as a woman in labor, Francesco Secretan said that, while she was in the act, she felt something burning in her stomach, and nearly all the witches say this infamy is more no means pleasurable to them, because it causes them pain, both physical and mental, and because of the physical pain which it causes them, as we have just said."

So, all in all, Satan appears to be a pretty unattractive character, though you'll agree with even more after we go into precise detail next week.

Last week's guru asked you to name the most intriguing physical feature of Little, sweetly-Adrian's first wife. According to Adrian's legend, she had wings.

This week's guru: Every schoolchild has heard of Merlin the Magician, King Arthur's mentor. But who among you knows who Merlin's parents were? The answer will appear in this space in next week's Insider.

MAIDENS

1969 CALENDAR

a social
commentary
by the girls
from up your
street... or
down your
alley



By Martin

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THREE MAGIC WORDS

by W. ANDERSEN

"You just have something you want to see the world over. You just have the most interesting idea in the world—a salary increase, a new car, a better house—what do you think?" "I'm afraid I don't have anything like that, but I'd like to have a vacation. I'd like to travel around the world." "Well, I think you'd like to go to Europe. If you could get this immediately and enough time, I'd like to help you. Send me a post card and tell me what you want to do." "I'd like to go to Europe." "Good idea. See you next week."

CHARLES J. RICHMOND
810 34th Street N.E.
L.A., Calif. 90018

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THE NATIONAL

Insider

OPEN FORUM

An interchange of ideas between the reader and editor on subjects raised by THE NATIONAL INSIDER's weekly column.

SICK, SICK, SICK!

Pd like to answer a letter from a M. D. of Brockton, Mass., from make that statement and I can also make another statement. "You are quite a sick man."

My wife and I are completely liberated also, perhahing to sex, but with each other and no other. If you really love and respect your wife, could you not sit by and watch her make love to someone else and help to watch you?

Love is a mutual thing, the people say, what do you do if you are in between two, but when you bring a group man, man, that's not love.

Dogs and cats do that, do they have no secret? If your sex life is so good with her, why the need for more? Sometime it's wrong, with who you want, you are prone to show off your sex life.

I have been married 16 years and have four kids and I love my wife more and more each day and if another guy told a lie on her, I'd break his arm.

This is a pratty stick world when a guy like you thinks the way you do. Something is pretty stink with her too. She always wants to do what she likes and loves to do.

Sex and love do go together but not in the way you speak. If I were you, I'd head for the nearest doctor and get my head straightened out.

You don't have a marriage, baby, you have a sex orgy legitimized and nothing more. Thank God you are a minority or I'd hate to think of my children growing up.

M. T.
Concord, N. H.

UNMARRIED AND IN NO HURRY

Will people please get off the backs of girls over 25 who are not yet married? I do with they would leave me alone.

My married friends are always saying, "It would be nice for us to get together, but you are not married and it would be bad for us." They are right, but I am not married, with a pair of pants I will be.

Why don't these people understand that I wouldn't change my bag for the tenth. Their handsoms always seem to light up when I come into the room, maybe because I talk like one of my half-witted mommies does and loves my figure. Although I am not the prettiest, I am a decent looking girl or another like, "why don't you wear your hair like Cheryl, or dress like Cheryl?" Then, when they have the opportunity to get me alone, they hornswoggle me with . . . You have nice clothes, money and education, but are lacking the most wonderful thing in the world . . . their cloddy handsoms and THINNIE SITUATION. And that is exactly what it is, a situation.

When the right man comes along, I will beat him down the aisle of matrimony, but until then, let me wallow in my life of luxury, sensuality and freedom of doing what I please and spending my money as I wish. When we get married, we will be thrown in the type of life and be ready for card playing, sex and no sense of freedom.

Cheryl D.
Spring Grove, Ill.

HOW TO KEEP THAT HUSBAND

You may not want to print this because it has been written many times, but what I have to say is important.

I have been married for seven years and find that I have to beg my husband to go boating or play cards with the fellows. Why? Because I make him extremely happy and make him feel like a king at home.

Furthermore, I don't have to work so that enables me to keep a clean house all the time, have the children ready for bed at the proper time, and never let him see my hair in rollers.

The other half is keeping him sexually happy. I really get a kick out of women who talk that sex brought on by music and such only is enough to keep him happy. Wow, are they wrong! I suggested my husband on the average of three times a week, not counting the times when the ladies are around.

Nothing is learned I think if a man wants normal sex, DO IT! If he wants fellatio performed, DO IT! He is to be pleased at home, he is to be pleased elsewhere.

Last, don't argue with him. If he has a headache or is too sick to leave your husband, after all, they are the greatest. Don't forget to tell him you love him once in a while. It doesn't hurt.

This week, try getting the kids to bed early and have a clean house, be freshly bathed and groomed with your hair

the way he likes it and approach him sexually while he is watching television and see what happens. Bang, just like that, you have a new man. After all, what would you be without him? Plain nothing.

S. R. A.
Oakton, Calif.

FROM SEX TO RATS

I believe we should have courses in all our high schools and colleges dealing with birth control methods. We should have instructors along with vivid and realistic illustrations on explaining the puzzle now in sexual terms related to masturbation, oral impregnation and other forms of sex. The natural sex act along with instructions on how to engage in normal sex without impregnating the female. This would be intelligent approach to the problem of preventing worldwide human over-population. If we are too stupid or perhaps too ignorant to learn in our school systems, then eventually we will have to turn to more drastic methods such as sterilizing many new born female babies.

How can any intelligent person be so blind minded asstard that they can't see that if we have too many people physically possible and that if or when the world becomes over crowded, God will find a way to provide for all. Well, He surely found a way for the rest that multiply unrestrainedly. They are either killing and eating their offspring or selling polluted or saturated to death in traps as they travel from place to place to find food for themselves. At first young. At least, the poor rats can be exterminated for their folly. They don't know that the sex they engage in will produce body rats. But, there is no excuse for us, for we know better.

Since rats are such nuisances and perform no useful purpose on earth, how come the Great Creator of all life on earth was so fond of rats? Is it for propagating to reproduce thousands of rats of their kind in one year's time, with a pair of human produce not once but in that amount of time?

Joe Schubert
Brockton, Mass.

18 HOUR WORK DAY

Working wives until I mean about working wives. Maybe some women have husbands who appreciate their efforts, but mine doesn't.

Several months ago my husband got us into debt over our heads. He bought a new car.

I begged and pleaded with him not to buy it. Our "old" car was only 6 months "old" and was in perfect condition. But he liked the "new" better so he went ahead and bought ours.

Our payments went up so high that we couldn't meet them. So, he asked me to go to work to help him out. I agreed — what else could I do? We still had'nt' started before he had set the car. He threatened he'd help me with the housework and with the care of our 2-year old daughter.

So I got a job and left my daughter with a perfect stranger, I work all day, pick up my daughter, and then go home. Then no work really starts. The house is in a mess, supper hasn't been cooked, and my little girl naturally wants a good share of my attention.

So where's the help I was promised? Slopping on the couch in front of the T.V. He won't even pick up his own clothes, much less help me with the housework. By the way, I cleaned the house, washed the clothes, helped my daughter, did some grocery shopping, it's nothing. I talk myself out of going to work again, but he still won't help.

The only time he raises his hand around the house is to grab my check on payday, I make \$130 a week and only get \$25 for myself.

He argued, I cried, I begged, all he does is to smoke a little louder, I'm trapped, abused and unappreciated. What should I do?

John Corney
Chicago, Ill.

MEXICAN DISCRIMINATION IS ALL BUNK

In reference to the letter from Mr. Garcia in your Nov. 2, issue, he is asserting that a Mexican is discriminated against in the United States is disproved by the names which appear on the casualty lists from Viet Nam. As a soldier with a Spanish (Mexican) name hardly ever appears on the lists. Although, about six million Mexicans which are employed here above themselves off to the United States as immigrants because of our too lenient immigration and citizenship laws.

Most of them should be sent back to Mexico since millions of them unemployed off on the United States. Mexico never would help as fight a war during the last ten years.

Mexico has coined several billions of dollars out of our government. Most of which was so-called "loans" we will never pay back. All of which paid off our foreign creditors at 4% on a dollar. Mexico is demanding a billion dollars on a salary in Mexico City instead of on boasting for their unemployed.

The riots in Chicago during the Democratic Convention showed there are hundreds of thousand native Americans who are unemployed and homeless in the Americas. Mexicans are too different from native Americans to be considered as citizens of the Southwest United States. They outnumber the natives over 20 to one and mostly like this.

An American who lives in Mexico has to bring this argument up with him. As it is not allowed to make a Mexican a citizen nor laws are enforced upon him. They are not enforced upon the Mexican.

Every six months he has to leave Mexico to get a new tourist car and can be turned from returning without notice.

Mexicans in Mexico should elect officials to run their country that will do more for their instead of showing their enemies off to the United States to the same Americans jobs.

C. Basler
Laredo, Tex.

YOUR TURN HIPPIE!

Why don't you tell your readers how the Viet Cong torture the civilians? Tell the readers how the Viet Cong burn hospitals and schools. You can also tell them about the rutless way that the Charlton tortures the U. S. prisoners of war. Tell them how the Viet Cong steal food from the people of the country to feed their troops.

They are the ones who are torturing us. I will support her in anything she does until the end, and I think that a lot more people in this country should do the same.

I am in the service and in a couple of months will be going to Southeast Asia. I just hope that I'll have a chance to kill at least one of those sadistic bastards.

Why don't you tell the readers of your paper get your heads out of your asses and have a look at the world without the use of LSD, or pot. You might see that the Viet Nam is a great place to live. You also might see that the Viet Cong have anything to offer the people of Viet Nam or the rest of the world except a life of living on your knees.

It is about time the United States condones herself, you know what I mean? To hell with Nixon. Nobody is holding you here, so don't let the door hit you as you leave.

I don't know who said this but I agree with it 100%. My country, you say she always be right, but my country right or wrong.

Sincerely,
A Proud Soldier
Name Withheld on Request

SURPRISE FOR DAD!

Every time I see a playboy "mag" in a bathroom, I wonder . . . even though I know a lot of people have a boyfriend.

When I was a kid I never had difficulty reading Playboy. I knew it was a kid's magazine but my parents had different motives than I did.

Now, I'm a kid and I never had difficulty reading Playboy. . . their "appropriation" turned me on the real Playboy.

"One night, I was caught passing Playboy magazines to my class, closed eyes dreaming . . ." my father writhed around like a maniac from me. I guess expecting it to admit, according to him, he was a playboy. It didn't bother, the page that had been dedicated to myself as cause and reason for fantasizing showed a beautiful . . . well-proportioned . . . fire-color photo of an Aston Martin.

Tom Gonsalves
Boston, Mass.

Readers: If you are interested in exchanging views with the Editor of the NATIONAL INSIDER state this in a letter addressed to "The Insider Forum," in care of the NATIONAL INSIDER, 2717 N. Paulina Rd., Chicago, IL, 60639. All letters must be signed, although names will be withheld upon request.

Both Sides of Love

By HEDY JO STAR
America's first sex change



If you have a problem you'd like Hedy Jo to answer, write to her in care of Both Sides of Love, National Insider, 2713 N. Pulaski Road, Chicago, Illinois 60649. Letters will be answered only through her column. We regret that personal answers cannot be given nor mail forwarded.

Dear Hedy Jo:

A fellow thinks for your column, and I'll tell you why.

I married a beautiful girl and I thought that sex in marriage should be like a sweetbird—a great pleasure. I gradually got the discipline of helping myself to as many varieties as you thought you would like, as much of any one variety as you wanted, and go back for more. If you wanted to know what I thought sex was something to be considered and participated in as little as possible. And when you did participate she thought her duty was gentle consequences instead of beauty to come. So after nearly a year of these differences in opinions we were divorced.

About eight months after the divorce, I ran into her downtown and talked myself into a date with her. I had been reading your column and your advice that most people's problems about sex are sexual fears. I think, if they only stop to think and work them out.

Hedy Jo
Indiana

Dear Tom:

Thanks for the kind words. I think most people's problems about sex are sexual fears. If they think, if they only stop to think and work them out.

Hedy Jo

My woman and I love your column. We buy every issue of NATIONAL INSIDER. We see



Write to Hedy Jo Star with your personal problems.

4 (her) and 23 (me). Some people say your publication is trash, but we believe it is a public service.

I am a widow by general people and artist in dresses there are lives (which we all should know is our major drive.) We are creating an atmosphere of good mental health. We believe in the right of expression and ignorance and hatred that hurts our country. — Thanks to people like you, we may in 25 years the rest house will be empty.

I can assure you younger people all over the country begin to sex. Sex is fun and other women anything can do as long as it is by mutual consent, between adults.

The torch of human needs is the best stimulator in the

Hedy Jo Star's life story—in book form—can be obtained by sending \$5.00 to Publishers' Protection Agency, 2713 N. Pulaski Rd., Chicago, Illinois 60649. No C.O.D.'s accepted. Price includes postage and handling.

THROUGH THE STRETCH

by CARSON CARTER

AT NEW YORK

RUSHY TAIL	.6 furlongs his limit
CAREER LADY	Loves a distance
LAUREL MARK	Will win share
MIRACLE MAKER	2yo is looking sharp
PRINCE GRAFF	Clock to score again
SHANNON	Needs at least a mile
RULERO	In winning form

AT FLORIDA

COUNT ROYAL	The longer the better
HANDSOME COUNT	Usually a factor
KODKY KID	Solid at a mile
LOVE BANDIT	Could pull an upset
MR. HOOVER	Smart repeater
ROYAL REGENT	Tall for middle distances
ULTRA QUICK	Steady sprinter

AT NEW JERSEY

HAIR TO EAST	Breeding says yes
HAND TO HAND	Individual record race
LA HEREDIA	Always a contender
LAMANDA SUN	Needs a mile or more
MARK'S BOY	Never better
RALLIER	Sharp right now
STERIE	Tall for grass routes

AT MARYLAND

BARON BEDROS	Could surprise
DONALD'S	Sharp at 6½ furlongs
I SWOONED	Cinch to keep winning
JANETTE	In winning form
MALE DOLCE	Needs the grass
PONTINHO	Needs a mile or more
SIR HICKORY	Fast and fit

SPOT THE CHANGES QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Man is wearing trouser belt.
2. A bite has been taken from sandwich on plate by his foot.
3. His wife's right hand is now visible.
4. A bigger puff of steam emerges from radiator cap of van.
5. One of its rear door handles has vanished.

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Up Against The Wall . . .

ENGLAND'S WALLACE

By CHARLES CREEVEY

England has her own George Wallace. His name is Enoch Powell, a member of Parliament from Wolverhampton S.W. He has a lot in common with his counterpart from Alabama.

Powell is highly popular. The London Daily Mail's National Opinion Poll says 31 per cent of Englishmen consider him to be their leader, thus Edward Heath, England's Conservative (Tory) Party chief.

That's more support than Wallace had. The man George ever achieved was 23% of the eligible voting public.

Like Wallace, Powell started within one of the Big Two parties. So far, he's still there, but he has a personal following that's head and shoulders. They go to meetings and cheer when The Leader speaks. And they're not all Tories.

Right-Winger

Again like Wallace, Powell's a right-wing conservative. But he appeals to the "little man," not the professional politicians who run the party. Therefore, he supports Britain's basic Social Security program. Wallace shows that the "little man" would drown him in a hurry, if he didn't.

Powell's major difference to Wallace is—neither both appealing to racism.

While widespread hatred of dark-skinned people, in both countries, neither Wallace nor Powell would ever have gotten to first ballot. They would never have been elected, if beyond the areas where they started.

With the same threatening dangers, his crack-happy provocation should never appeal to voters other than the white people of the South. But Wallace has appealed—he does that!—to some Americans (most of whom had) a powerful racist streak.

Powell is an educated upper-class man, a professor, and a smooth politician. He appeals to the pride of the old-time Britisher—who doesn't want to face the fact

that his nation is now a second-rate power.

He also appeals to the workers who are afraid of "colored immigrants" taking their jobs.

England's supposed "race problem" is tiny compared with America's. Less than 2 per cent of Britain's population is colored. (White Indians, Pakistanis, Indian people, Indians, Pakistanis).

But the pattern is similar. Discrimination in jobs and housing is a fact of life—in spite of Britain's 1965 Race Relations Act. Colorless immigrants by and large get the most menial jobs that they, the most threatening to the most unstable class of white English workers.

There was bad feeling against the immigrants in the 1950s. Then, the government passed laws that made immigration difficult from "colored" former British colonies.

Now, with Powell, English racism has a leader.

British people, and especially the British press, have exhibited Anti-negro many years because of its racism. But England now has a virulent tradition of racism and of English brand of right-wing politics.

All started with Britain's colonialism. In the 1770s and 1800s, England carved out colonies all over the world. They conquered Africa, Australia, Canada, the Americas, and parts of Asia and Oceania, for the glory of Great Britain.

The upper-class Englishness who ruled the colonies—and England itself—had contempt for everyone but other upper-class Englishmen. Blacks, Indians, and Pakistanis were supposed to be the "natives," woodpecker monkeys, canaries, until to govern themselves.

The English parasites leached the natural resources from their colonies and their slaves. They used the people as a cheap source of labor, and as a market for British products. Any rebellion was put down by the British troops who often were "colored" and who sold out to their English masters.

Then came World War II. In 1945, England was in desperate straits. Her days of imperial glory were gone. She could no longer afford to empire, and she had selected a socialist Labour government.

"Get Out!" Laws

But, even though England's colonies were broken away, she was unable to control her former empire. Colonial peoples seeking better opportunities moved to England—even as Englishmen were emigrating to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, for the same reason.

Finally, the English passed laws restricting immigration designed to keep out non-white col-



onials. But even these racists showed mercy toward Powell's followers. Powell was given a gift of insight. He spoke of "white primogeniture, inheritance and resettlement" grants to immigrants, to induce them to get out of Britain.

In spite of his upper-class manner, Powell has a lot of popularity among many British working-class. They look back on the old days of England when being their led to us-whites.

Powell also plugs up to working-class Britain by promising to cut income tax in half, without cutting social services.

The regular members of Powell's Conservative Party are trying to right back. Conservative leader Edward Heath was cheered at a big meeting recently when he asked his party to "stand behind" Powell, who called for "hard line" on immigration, with a five-point "good colored rule" before a non-white man can become a citizen.

Conservative Queenie—what would be Queenie's party if her party came to power—told the meeting, "Don't be an extremist." But when he announced the new, racial officials, Tory policy on immigration.

The plan is similar to America's recently passed McCarran Immigration Act. The U.S. law uses a quota system to discriminate, not only against black, Asian, and Latin immigrants. But even normal people from Eastern and Southern Europe?

Lily-Whites

Under the York scheme, most immigrants to Britain will have to come from the "white" nations of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand!

This is similar to the Republicans and Democrats in the country. They're the "white" political party of "Law and Order"—in other words, keeping "them" in their "place."

This is the way a pro-Nazi English Wallace or Powell can stereotype us as old, established, fat tired people, living in decaying, extreme right-wing states.

The London Daily Mirror stat-

ed, "Powell is a sophisticated academic who matches his arrogance for the gift of insight. He speaks of 'white primogeniture, inheritance and resettlement' grants to immigrants, to induce them to get out of Britain."

British Hitlerite

There is another kind of racism among many British working-class. They look back on the old days of England when being their led to us-whites.

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not only against black, Asian, and Latin immigrants. But even normal people from Eastern and Southern Europe?

Attacks Jews

Today, Mosley's grass-roots and local organizations are full of faith.

But the major parts of his program still have their appeal to Englishmen.

Mosley wanted strict English racial controls of the Empire, with Britain as the center.

Today, Britain is planning to end her military occupation in the Far East—and some old-timers remain.

Mosley preached English racial superiority. His men ran around like Jewish Nazis, shouting racial abuse, causing trouble—and met with a sound thrashing every time. But—though the target may have shifted to the "colored" residents of Britain, Mosley's ideas remain.

Mosley and Mosley's followers at a time of world depression. Why should Powell and Wal-

lace have as many followers during a time of prosperity?

One reason is frustration. American working people are frustrated by a stupid war they never wanted which cost him so much, their traditional shedding tells them they have to support it. They feel threatened by an impulsive revolution that would bring an enemy—America's black people.

British working people are frustrated, too. They feel they haven't gained enough, though their own Labor Party is in power today. Government committees limit their spending, and move them about—Scotland, Wales, Northern and Southeast England—is it a depression area, like our Appalachians?

Both of these "depressed" countries have very ancient种族 traditions, deeply ingrained into the fabric of their societies. Both of them, until very recently, have been accustomed to seeing the part of the master, and breeding color-skinned peoples as colonials.

This is no longer possible. Professional politicians—Republican, Democrat, Very and Labor—know it's not. They would like people to forget about Powell to "lead it" as they do. They would like to keep things running during and after the change-over.

Neither Wallace nor Powell completely understand. But their supporters do. They know a lot of people are ready to reject old parties, and think themselves to be a strong personality who preaches pro-Fascist ideas.

Powell was elected in 1965—with only 3,000 per cent majority. It can happen again—like England and America—however.

Hair 'Grower' In Trouble!

Jack Ginsburg had a real hairy going going for himself.

He was in business claiming that he could grow hair on bald heads.

Nothing new about that. Maybe it was his location. You made people come to you. He had a good location, because of the lachrymose haggard boggie. A lot of skinheads probably figured if it can't be grown in France, it can't be grown in France.

The very British government of the time was tolerant of Mosley—perhaps because they, too, were going along the lines of his beliefs and most conservative offices.

The very British government of the time was tolerant of Mosley—perhaps because they, too, were going along the lines of his beliefs and most conservative offices.

Things were clipper-rich along the California coast. State Attorney General's enormous fraud division yarded his late San Francisco superior court.

"Angrydog" Ginsburg's firm,

was charged with failing to secure a license for cosmetology and plastic surgery.

"Grow hair—cure baldness," was the way Ginsburg advertised.

A bald-faced lie, said the fraud division. He said he didn't know what he was doing, said Ginsburg. "I've got letters from people who were delighted with my treatment."

"As I'm a member of the Better Business Bureau."

It's true that I've seen a cartoon of a bald man with a hair on his head. He's a barber's dummy. That's not what's in work on people's hair and scalp."

Ginsburg had better hire good lawyers. The state is asking for a fine of \$1,000 on each proved act of advertising.

If he can't prove it makes hair grow, he'll have taugen.

INSIDERS



"I can't win—I'm a Socialist as well."

by MIKE MOLLOY

Color Barbra Sexless!

By V. R. CARLTON

We're written before that Barbra Streisand owns one of the best bodies in show business.

Barb has a hust that would stand up with the best of them, Raquel Welch included.

Barbs has a pair of legs that are long and beautiful, tapering just right at the calf and ankle, growing very shapely and full at the thigh.

Barbs has a face that a lot of people might not think in pictures than Grete Garbo's or Marilyn Monroe's, but which has come to be more attractive than any star's as show business because of what Barb is. Girls—and a number of stars—today—are even having their names fixed to look like Barb's.

And when Streisand sings in one of her sheer gowns, she is the picture of utter femininity.

Or when she acts, as she did in "Funny Girl" and "Hello, Dolly."

Captures Sharif

She is so much a woman at these moments that even one of the most experienced and sophisticated of Hollywood lovers, Lee Sharif, was captivated by her and was willing to do anything to get her.

Now Sharif is the only one when Barbs first came to Hollywood, every wall in town was trying to get into her pants.

And every big star, too. A lot of names you'd recognize, but we won't mention them because Barb didn't give them a tumble. She was fairly happily married and didn't want to . . . screw up the works.

But that didn't stop all the guys who saw that here was a luxuriant piece of young femininity, who could hardly wait to get their hands on it. And it didn't stop a million per cent. And it didn't stop the girls who like girls, either.

Barbs is the kind of woman who likes to be with other women, and in her taste, that she seems to attract women, as well as men. One of the top lesbians in town started writing her love notes the minute she hit town.

Barbs is straight, of course, and didn't return the notes.

Or anything else that was thrown at her in the way of passes.

Thought for a couple of minutes one evening, it looked like it might be touch . . . and I mean touch . . . time to go between her and Omar Sharif.

But she went right out of that with her virtue preserved. That didn't stop Omar, though.

Like we said, physically and in terms of her talents, Streisand is quite a girl.

But what about psychologically?

What about what goes on inside a woman's head that really gives her that air of femininity that makes a flatfooted Andy Hepburn one of the sexiest things around, and can result in a diminishing career for Brigitte Bardot?

No Tender Morsel

In the beginning, it was obvious that Barb wasn't the most gentle or tender girl in town.

She'd step by leg to wake a pass, and quite often she'd make that point by using a free letter word. She didn't come off as too ladylike even then, but she did seem very female.

Sureness seems to have hardened her, however, rather than softening the inside to resemble the soft and fleshy outside.

The swearing is still there. But there's a lot more that goes with it.

First, the way she dresses. It just isn't too feminine. Again, she knows enough to wear silly sheer fabrics, but she's not a canary, but off camera she doesn't seem to be the same person.

She digs slacks and blouses that make her look more like a waitress than one of the top two female stars in the business.

Clothes are only part of it. Barb doesn't take pains to look beautiful off camera in the even better essentials. Where professionally she'll spend hours having someone do her hair, she wants spend five minutes some day to put on her makeup or take a bath.

Not that we're saying Barbardian sniffs or looks crusty.

But Jane Fonda she isn't.



Barbra Streisand

Needs Makeup

Even though she's sexy, she doesn't have the greatest complexion in the world, and needs a lot of makeup to keep that beautiful stage. And even the great Streisand persona like everyone else isn't perfect. She's also has B.O. But the greatest and most interesting female stars never ever seem to have that wet ring under their arms.

There's more, much more. The whole way she takes over from men, off stage and on may be the biggest part of it. It's a masculine trait, more than a feminine one. Most big female stars let the guys talk over when the cameras aren't whirring. Marilyn Monroe was notable for that.

Why is Barbard leading her femininity more and more with each passing day?

Because underneath, she's insecure.

She's had the biggest success of any lad in her 20s in the world, and she isn't quite up to it. Like Marilyn Monroe, she's too much presence of screen to live up to the image she projects in her singing and her acting.

So she lets off the steam completely and acts almost opposite.

The result is that one of the biggest sexpots in the business on the screen isn't feminine off stage.

Insider DISCoveries

By JOE LeBLON

Just listen, now, when Bo Carter says for you to do . . .

Say, don't you let some of these rolling women, Max, ever worry you.

—BO CARTER'S ADVICE

* * *

When hard times come, a poor man has just three pleasures—wine, women, and song. The songs of Bo Carter were all about wine and women.

Bo Carter's singing came all on records that sold for 35 cents during the worst part of the Depression. They were played on jukeboxes and wind-up phonographs by black people who were too poor to buy radios.

Who was your manager then?

'Fare monkey' never little questions.

Won't you please make arrangements for me?

Bo's records were about the things he and his audience knew best—black people cannot love affairs, and poverty. They were quickly worn out, discarded, and forgotten.

Now, though, Bo Carter, Inc., has reissued 14 of Bo's records on LP entitled BO CARTER'S GREATEST HITS, 1930-1940. If you like blues, here it is the real thing—an strain, as earthy as though torn out of the Mississippi soil.

Boys, don't put me more baking

Is your bread, you see,
Because your two biscuits is plenty
Till enough for me.

Boys, I don't want no more sugar
In your jellyroll, you see,

"Cause your jellyroll is plenty
Sweet enough for me.

Boys, you like my garment,
And same, they like my garment;

Some don't care for garments,
They like a dappo big fat been.

You can get an idea of Bo's output by choosing 21 songs of his titles TELLIN' YOU 'BOUT IT, SALES TAX ON IT, YOUR BISCUITS ARE BIG ENOUGH FOR ME, COUNTRY FOOL, BEANS, THE INS AND OUTS OF MY GIRL. There is plenty of material that you would call "riopic." If it wasn't so direct.

Bo Carter specialized in "good-time music." His real name was Bo Chakow and he was from new Jackson, Miss. With brothers and friends, he formed a group called the Mississippi Sheiks, featuring slide, guitar, mandolin, and strings.

I don't want no more weary beans,
Boys, I don't want no more beans,
I don't want no more weary beans,
They're bent to make my stomach

raw.

I ate them last night and the
night before,

Now is the little house on the
bend,

And short the done . . .

The Sheiks were like many other "jock bands" from Mississippi and Louisiana, both black and white. They played a little bit of everything. But the white people usually called for, in the rough road houses, usually tended to be a little off-color. Bo and the Sheiks recorded many of these songs.

I am a woman
As a woman can be.
The sing I've got will cost you
A dollar and three.

There's a meter for an it

Everybody you go . . .

Bo played a big steel-bodied National guitar. This instrument had two advantages for men who sing in noisy bars. The heavy tone carried a long way—and the metal body could knock a man cold if he came at you.

A lot of time has passed since Bo made those records. Edmund say he died in poverty at Memphis in 1963. This bootlegging record is a fitting memorial.

Bo Carter's songs will ring true as ever as long as these things are with us—labor, women, and poverty.

NEXT WEEK: "UNEKSPURGATED FOLKSONGS OF MEN!"

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Raquel Welch-Jim Brown Feud

By V. R. CARLTON

Everyone's still talking about it.

Especially Jim Brown, himself.

He talks about it at bars. He talks about it at interviews, he talks about it on dates with other girls.

The trouble is that he doesn't really tell both sides of it. The sides ticks a party line.

For example, he says the two are serious about their sex with Raquel, since no one knows the truth about it.

We do, and we're going to tell you.

First, let's get the background straight.

More Than Marilyn

Raquel is the sex symbol in Hollywood. She's the sex symbol. She has a body that even Marlene Dietrich never had. Her breasts are bigger and more erect. Her legs are longer and firmer. Her face is more prominent. And she's a helluva lot smarter than the average sex symbol. She has the brains to protect her sex better.

As for Jim, he is the new sex symbol for the male. Though he has a way to go before he becomes more popular than Paul Newman, Marlon Brando or Peter Wayne, he's the new popular with the new generation which wants a virile, outspoken, rough Negro militant like him.

Brown is a big, tough, sexy guy who has been around the world since the all-star girls he beat up (which he didn't, even though he's a rough guy when he's making love)—is right in line with what is happening and where it's at in present-day America.

Brown stars in "Dark of the Sun" with a blonde sexpot, Yvette Mimieux, and really goes



Raquel Welch

her glands working when she looked at him. But the producers of that picture had been careful to keep any sexual attraction between the two off cameras rather than on.

It was too risky, too volatile, to put a white Negro like this next

to an American sex symbol, they figured.

But the people who made "300 Miles" figured different. They not only wanted to put off the heat of sex—but American sex symbol, up against—up tight against—the all-time American sex symbol.

Raquel (30-34-36) Welch.

And that's where things ended up with the two supermodels getting together.

Everyone was waiting for Jim's arrival on the set in Spain.

Especially Raquel.

Sure, she's married. But that doesn't stop a girl from getting her male on "in public."

That doesn't stop her from letting them

pulse right up against her own,

pushing her body or sometimes even

kissing her "publicly."

But, of course, it doesn't stay her

from getting all the looks she can

in her direction. And that's what's

happening. The male stars who have

placed opposite Raquel all say she

is the hottest thing they ever held.

Gives It All

"She plays a love scene like it's for real, and she only has five minutes to do it."

Jim Brown was looking forward to that. He had known a lot of women, but never one who looked quite like Raquel Welch. If she wanted to feel around with him in front of the cameras, even if it was just a casual, warm-up kiss, he'd be all for it. Let her say it was all for the sake of art. As long as it got his feels.

But Jim doesn't get any feels. Because, unfortunately, before he and Raquel could get off on an intimate note, he had to talk off scenes. And that didn't go well.

Raquel thought she could break the ice by making a couple of race jokes. They weren't meant to offend, but merely to break the tension. Jim Brown was not exactly anyone but Jim Brown.

But Jim doesn't like jokes. Especially jokes about his race.

And especially from women.

Jim, you see, basically thinks women are dumb. Women don't think. He doesn't mind dealing with Raquel on an extra-domestic basis, or on a male-female basis.

Jim Brown

But what did she know about what he'd gone through and what she had gone through all these years?

In a way he was right. But she was also trying her best.

It wasn't good enough for old upright.

He told her where is go.

She was shocked and angered. And the movie was one of the reasons he left the task that Hollywood has given him.

Because each day Raquel and Jim refused to talk to each other off the cameras even while they were playing the closest of "pal" on screen.

Now, all over both sides of the globe, Raquel was still Hitler at hell to Jim. And Jim said he wouldn't know what with her if she were the last woman on earth.

He's been telling people that Raquel is out to get him.

Maybe she was. But not quite in the way he thought.

Let Girls Rub Boys And Vice Versa

By

THEODORE J. GROSHEK

A few years ago a man was not feeling well and made an appointment with a local masseuse. A masseuse is a woman experienced in giving massages to the body. Her counterpart in a massage, a man who does the same.

The man, who went to the masseuse chose her instead of a masseuse because he had a delicate condition and needed the delicate touch of a woman on his muscles.

Not long ago I had a number of other odd reasons why he visited a woman instead of a man. For one thing, she could have been the only person available who was experienced in this kind of work.

Or he could have had a feeling that letting a person of his own sex put his hands on the more intimate places of his body had some kind of homosexual overtones. It doesn't, of course, but many men do feel this way. Some women feel that they like to have a massage from a man because of the lesbian overtones of having their body manipulated by one of their own sex.

This is not a case of right or wrong, but of personal taste. Some

people simply cannot abide the presence of the same sex touching them even casually, let alone more intimately while they are nude upon a massage table.

What happened when this man went for so simple a thing as a medical massage will shock you.

He went in to the masseuse's home, removed his clothes, and lay upon the soft surgical table awaiting his massage.

The masseuse first placed a number of hot towels on various parts of his body to relax him and bring the blood to the surface

Police Burst In

And then as she began to place her hands upon his body, the police burst in and arrested both of them.

What's more, when the case went to court, both the man and the masseuse were convicted of the crime for which they had been arrested. The masseuse was given a jail sentence, and the customer a fine and probation.

Yes, but it is also true that in this country there are many women who have been arrested for giving medical massages to women or a number of women in this country.

For, just as in the diseases of abortion and venereal disease, the right Puritan taboos against sex in America have carried over into an-

other important area of the medical world: massage.

Now massage may not seem much to most people at first thought, but it can often be very effective in the treatment of the tone of the muscles of the body, especially in nervous or back troubles, but often been able to get the patient "out of the hamper" and make him feel better. Many countries use massage as surgery. I am not talking about chiropractic here, but simple medical therapeutic massage.

Yet massage has long been looked upon as an evil thing by those who are ignorant and unfortunate. Those who practice massage as a means by which to seduce men, for men to seduce women, or as a means by which to seduce sex, have been stigmatized insofar as she had performed fellatio on them during what she told them was "the ordinary course" of the massage.

By the way, there is a number of women who have demanded financial advances against women in general during the course of the medical massage. Because of the superior strength of the man and the com-

peting positions which a massage can get a woman into while he is manipulating her, a female may find it hard to escape once she wishes once she is made upon his table.

Lenßen Taboos

Fortunately, the taboo against medical massage as a means of relaxation against sex in general are lessening. Recently, in fact, the North Carolina Supreme Court struck down an ordinance of Charlotte, which prohibited massage to be given to

men or women by members of the opposite sex.

The law, unlike the ones in many other states of the union, was not passed by the legislature but by a group of citizens whom police had asked for, in the hope of stopping prostitution in their city.

There were still a number of other cities which have laws on the books, but these laws are frequently applied.

With the North Carolina decision a medical massage may carry about where all laws concerning medical massage will be struck off the books.

SAINT KARL MARX?

Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saint Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

And now — Saint Karl Marx?

It may be next. A San Francisco church has taken the first step towards creating the theoretical founder of international communism.

Saint New Left claimed you, a fresh approach.

Or, if you prefer, Saint Karl Marx's 150th birthday was celebrated by some after Mass at Saint Albin's parish in conservative Diocese of Belmont.

No less than former Episcopal Bishop of California James A.

Pike participated in the worship services and paid dues.

Rev. Dr. W. C. Courtney, vicar of St. Albin's, called Marx "one of God's prophets."

"Somehow, we must see God's actions and spirit moving in and through this man and his ideas."

Of Max, who called religion "the opiate of the people," Bishop Pike said that the differences between his philosophy and Christianity were "ridiculously insignificant."

St. Albin's received only two telephone calls complaining about the services, and "neither was obscene or threatening," according to the church.

LETTERS

to the EDITOR

Hunt's Book

Amanda Pk., Wash.

Dear Editor:

I've been reading the National Bookers' "Between the Covers" reviewed by Bill Howard.

The book, "A Man With A Mask"—I would like to know how to get it.

I sure would appreciate it very much!

Mrs Robert Matthiessen
Grove Press, 44 University Pl.,
N.Y.C. 10019

Editor—

The Election

New York

Dear Editor:

"The real reason Johnson quit politics" is getting to be a real hit—the truth of the matter is Johnson knew he couldn't possibly be reelected if he was in such toe-heeling.

As for the pornography—he asked for it by being phony like Sen. Barry Goldwater said he was.

Johnson managed to pull a few miles over because of his own political clout and were in the passing stage and suddenly he imagined himself a supervisor, so he sent a half a million of our men on a hunt, kill and destroy mission to the jungles of Southeast Asia. His CIA Mash and his bare foot henchmen to roll over and play dead.

After three years of death, destruction and no military victory Johnson has discovered that he

is not a legitimate alibi to sustain human life and expand hellfire to destroy a backward nation of rice paddies and water buffaloes.

He is taking the easy way out but instead of acknowledging that he is a failure, he is going up on stories to arouse our sympathy, has had our sympathy at the tops of Pres. Kennedy's assassination but his vanity took advantage of our sympathy and now we can't wait until he gets out.

Wm. Harper

James Bond

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Considering that your columnists never think that Sean Connery's hair is an unheard-of phenomenon, please explain the spreads that appeared in *Lita Magazine*, April 8 and *Look Magazine*, Sept. 8. It's beyond my comprehension how you can sleep nights.

You seem to lack out at anything that is a threat to your adequacy. Why don't you mention the names of the hundreds of other screen stars who wear toupees?

Dignified

Wants Spanking

Troy, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

I don't know how your readers feel about it, but I personally believe many of the world's problems could be solved by spanking.

For example, if Mr. Nixon, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Humphrey could just take those naughty hecklers over their knees, when they disrupted the election, rather than imagine the night of the Secret Service having to shoot them down, the hippies, pulling down their gastronomic treasures, and whacking them on the bare backsides.

Wouldn't that be a picture for the Five O'Clock News to broadcast?

cost all across America in living color?

Paddlings are the real solution to our city problems, too, not tanks or guns or chemical messes. City boys and girls turn their mistakes over to fear, wooden paddles. That would keep the older and the juvenile delinquents in order, all right! And they could use them on the share landlords, too, just to keep the other side happy.

I speak from experience because I made one of these paddles myself! And my arm gets lots of exercise using it. The paddle hangs on a wall over the door in our kitchen. When I reach for it, whether the guilty party is in our home or elsewhere, just a hearty hit will do.

There was a time when I would never have dreamed of using the paddle. I raised my kids (my daughter is fourteen and my son fifteen) by Dr. Spock and all the other books. And did they ever run wild? My wife kept after me to get them under control again on them, but I never world. The books said not to.

Finally Cindy, that's my daughter, gave me some backscratches right in front of a couple of friends of ours, who were over. I lost control of my temper and paddled down pants and spanked her over and over again, then and there.

The couple was embarrassed and my wife was really shocked, but that's nothing to what Cindy felt. I will say this though, that she never gave me or my wife any lip after that.

Gradually I came to realize just how satisfactory a punishment whipping can be. I would get my paddle and served justice on my family that I would use it whenever and wherever the need arises.

My wife heartily approved, although she never paddled the children herself and left me to do it as my sole responsibility.

I would go to the store and bought a bunch of clothes after I told her not to, on account of my plan was going to be short that week. Was she surprised when I came home and made her sit up in her house dress and beat over my pants, then she sat up in her pants again. Then he began paddling the pants down, and also increasing the spanking. Later, he brought home a pupping paddle, which really caused a pretty pink on my bottom. He doesn't punish me for trivial things, but when I get out of line, I get it.

I see it at this point, that I am the head of the family and that when it's necessary to have punishment, it should come from me; whenever I feel I have done something wrong. A paddle doesn't leave any marks and the pain goes away right soon, even though it stings like the blazes while it's happening.

Another thing, you can be read as hell at the person you're paddling and they can be read at the person you're paddling, too. Your fingers can be wet and it doesn't hinder on. So spanking could maybe solve some of the hatreds and resentments in the world, which are worse than the things themselves.

That's why I'm all for spanking and I hope what some of your readers think about it, and whether they have found that spanking helps them in their marriage and family life too.

Sincerely,
T. F. Francis, Jr.**Confessions Of A TV**

Dear Editor:

During World War II I married a girl from North Carolina but we were never divorced, not from incompatibility but from the fact that she wanted to live in New York City and I wanted to live in New Hampshire.

She discontinued me completely and I didn't mind that a bit. She got me wearing gills pants, tyrole hats and even went to California to get me a paddle when I was a baby. Then she would take me into the ladies room at cocktail lounges and make me walk until the wanton end and a woman who wanted another woman's boyfriend would take my pants down and step my butt for about 20 minutes because I had been a bad boy.

I am definitely not queer, as I am all. But when she used to pull my pants down and spark me out, she had a slight attraction to me. I did, too, but she jerked her hips and breathed so heavily. However, I said something to this—she was never sexually satisfied until I took her pants off, then she'd pull them up, and then have me kiss her and spanked her for about twenty minutes.

Maybe we each had a "fifth" on buttons but what difference does it make? I liked to feel her cheeks and she liked to feel mine. And when I got through spanking her she made me kiss the places she said were kissable from the spanking.

Wally Gilman

Submissive Nature

Dear Editor:

I have been married for 30 years now and from the beginning have been spoken for infractions and disobedience. At the beginning, I liked this discipline, and would do it. At first, my husband would just take me over and spank me, then he would spank with panties on. Then he began paddling the pants down, and also increasing the spanking. Later, he brought home a pupping paddle, which really caused a pretty pink on my bottom. He doesn't punish me for trivial things, but when I get out of line, I get it.

For example, last week I got two parking tickets and forgot all about them. The traffic department called him for payment. He called me and simply said "I'll be home at 6—you're prepared." He used to pull down my panties himself, but he decided later to make me pull them down. If I pull a real "beater," I have to endure completely.

Our relatives are everything devious, and we talk over these matters. Sometimes, after our talk, he will leave the decision up to me. Other times, he will only say "impartial".

We are in our 30's. I am medium built, beautiful, and definitely of a submissive nature. Janet

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The National Insider

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 25—DECEMBER 15, 1968

Sex In The Doctor's Office

Physical Love Is Used As Therapy!

By ROLAND FORTE

The consultation room is neatly furnished and dimly lit. Unlike the rest of the doctor's office, it could easily be mistaken for a private study. The young, attractive woman on the sofa could be a wife.

She isn't!

The patient is gone from her desk, now looking deeply into the woman's face, says: "The diagnosis is a simple and very common one. You are suffering from us related sexual tensions. Plans and people you are sexually fulfilled. It is affecting you both physically and mentally."

Love On The Couch

The physician sits on the sofa and begins caressing her neck and shoulders. After a few minutes his hands slip to her shoulders and he grasps the dress. Letting go again, he continues his caresses and depends on the patient's reactions—the girl is also relaxed.

The patient is trembling in an relaxation. She may never have experienced sex before—but she knows that in a matter of minutes the doctor will take her love on their couch.

Sound like a scene from "Psychotherapy?"

Indeed Van Ende Boas, writing in the "Journal of Sex Research" (Volume 2, No. 2), says that "Such relationships are more frequent than we are justified to believe."

Not that sex relations between physicians and their patients are often made public. From ancient times, the idea was taken Hippocrates, Father of Medicine, wrote in his famous *On the Art of Medicine* by all documents over this day. Every honest man I shall only enter for the sake of my patients' well-being, reducing from every artentious harm and all seduction, especially from love relationships with women, than with men, to their best and shortest way."

Thus Van Ende Boas, "Anyone who wishes to penetrate this unexplored field must rely on careful, personal observations."

And he does!

Especially vulnerable, says the psychiatrist, are gynecologists—doctors who specialize in treating disease peculiar to women.

Gynecology, those diseases often have to do with the sex organs. Second on Van Ende Boas' list, before it or not, are dentists, followed by family doctors.

Transference

Referring to "a certain percentage of physicians," Van Ende Boas says: "It is not uncommon to class that 'other kind of their promiscuous contacts and sexual mirth' than our place."

But that kind of physician is rare—if for no other reason than that he propagates his reputation and also his practice over here—more so than any other medical doctor toward a patient. Far more frequent is the sexual relationship that springs from a genuine love in psychoanalysis, especially.

There is a good chance that therapy will end up in a physician's bed. Dr. James E. Reich, author of "The Young Psychiatrist Just Launched on His Career" is an easy and rather willing prey . . .

It's easy to see why.

Starting with Freud in 1895, psychologists have always stressed the importance of "transference" and "countertransference." These familiar words make a pretty simple idea sound complex. Actually, transference is simply having as easiest feeling and directing that feeling toward another person. If a patient has a sexual desire toward that, he is an example of basic transference. The same is true of gay . . .

When a psychiatrist relays the feeling, he is "countertransferring."

Now, virtually every psychiatrist agrees that transference is to take place if psychotherapy is to succeed. Dr. James E. Reich of New York City, asked about transference of the emotion of love, tried to separate it from romantic love. But Freud believed at least that the separation was impossible.

At last the brilliant psychiatrist was forced to admit that "there was no right to dispute the genesis of love in the transference process in the course of analysis treatment." He was saying, in effect, that sexual love was likely to develop between a patient and her analyst, and it ought not to be condoned.

All The Way

Van Ende Boas asks, "Even in a psychoanalytical situation, what is a psychiatrist's sexual relationship between doctor and patient derived from unavoidable transference and countertransference to something 'real'?" The purpose of the whole thing in the first place is to help the patient to feel gradually more and more "honestly" in his "real love." The doctor's goal is to get the woman who is his patient to lose him.

But that's not all! In many cases, the object is to get the patient all the way to the bedroom—without any formal medical reasons, of course!

In 1963 Dr. M. Boos wrote in his book *Psychoanalysis and Sexuality* that, in successful analysis, the female patient begins to love the male analyst as soon as she becomes aware that she loves him. This is the first step in her life who really understands her and accepts her even though she is neurotic. Boos makes it plain that the analyst need strive to bring the patient to a psychological level where she can feel that her needs are being met and her needs are being met and she can be herself—especially if she otherwise—she is a physical way.

"Every psychiatrist has seen the need of some patients to above affective physically," says Dr. James E. McCarthy, told the state international congress on psychotherapy in London, England, in 1964.

He said that "in 48 years of analytic practice I have found that 10 to 20 percent require some sort of expression."

By overt expression, McCarthy means that the women had to physically express their sexual needs in the analyst.

One McCarthy believes that patients not only want to think or talk about their relationship to the analyst, but also want to express the newly discovered possibilities in the language of their emotions, as expressed by the body.

Fondles The Organs

In short, the patient falls in love with the analyst and wants to show it with his body. And of course that's exactly what she is encouraged to do!

In some cases, she merely sits at his side and holds his hand. Sometimes she kisses him passionately.

Or she may undo his trousers and fondle his sex organs. And it may go much farther.

The psychoanalyst will undoubtedly become cited physically because of the pleasure his patient derives from unavoidable transference and countertransference to something "real." The purpose of the whole thing in the first place is to help the patient to feel gradually more and more "honestly" in his "real love."

The patient has overcome as unwillingly large hurdle.

A great majority of psychoanalysts, according to most psychiatrists, become of sexual gratification.

When the patient begins to explore the analyst's body, she is usually doing what has always been duty and prohibited. Her parents, the church and her own conscience forbade sex play all her life.

As a result, she thoroughly expresses sexual feelings and acts. The expression led to the psychological problems that drove her to seek help from a psychoanalyst. She is now free to explore her needs in her own body and she is otherwise—she is a physical way towang becoming well.

Using this same idea, one doctor lectures his patient on how to lose, get and behave sex. Another, Dr. McCarthy, told the state international congress on psychotherapy in London, England, in 1964.

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According to students of Reich, he required the expression of his sexual feelings and wants to take off all of their clothes and do what comes naturally. In some cases where the patients were extremely shy, he caressed them and even masturbated them until they climaxed.

Those who fail to go through

such overt transgression of a good, old character do not succeed in fully establishing genital privacy," said Reich. He meant that these people were not able to give sex the major place in their lives than to those who did. In some cases people Reich and this father was because the patients still continued to regress their sexual urges, or else they confirmed to have guilt feelings.

Dr. McCarthy, referred to earlier, is one of the most eloquent speakers on sex in the country. He has practiced for the last 30 years. He has had close to 800 female patients during that time. He said that "20 percent experienced more or less overt transference, such as sitting on the analyst's lap, holding him, his hand, hugging him, holding him."

And he adds, "about 10 percent found it necessary to act-out externally, such as mutual undressing or coitus."

Lustful Feelings

A typical case McCarthy describes involved a very depressed 25-year-old woman. Her major problem was McCarty. It is that the "red head" used to feel that it was uniformly awful to have lustful feelings.

At a preliminary session, the analyst explained that the patient was forbidden to tell anything about her sex life, especially that took place during analytical sessions. The girl was also told that she was do anything she wished to do during the analytical sessions.

As faithfully as possible, the analyst tells the girl, "You must grow up in your attitude toward sex." In order to get well, she must accept sex relations as ordinary, normal, natural.

According to Dr. Carney, if therapy is successful, "The patient will have fallen in love with the analyst and will become completely dependent on him." The patient is thus encouraged to do things that she used to refuse to do before he got to like sex.

It was well a year before the girl felt prepared to deal with sex directly. Then, she asked McCarthy to tell her to do. At this point she could not be induced to expose her private parts, and she undressed before him.

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